

MYSTERIOUS CASE OF A CINCINNATI, O. GIRL

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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DESPERATE BATTLE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

A BRAVE WOMAN KILLS THE MONSTER AND THUS SAVES HER FRIEND, NEAR BARTOW, FLA.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Another baseball season is almost here, and the struggle for the pennant will begin on April 18. There is likely to be a great revival of interest in the national game this year, and one that will greatly benefit this branch of sport. During the past two or three seasons it has been more or less overshadowed by horse racing, but some of the restrictions that are likely to be put on this form of amusement this summer are apt to bring back to baseball many of its devotees that had wavered in their allegiance.

At present the Giants are engaged in a series of games with the different college teams for a handsome loving cup offered by President Andrew Freedman, of the New York Baseball Club. It is to be awarded to the team that reaches the highest percentage in this preliminary season. The idea is a good one, as it encourages in our colleges a sport that has been relegated to the rear in favor of its more brutal companion—football.

In view of the large army of "cranks" and "rooters" who are always interested in the whereabouts of their favorite clubs, the POLICE GAZETTE has issued a handsome schedule in the shape of a convenient folder, handsomely printed, with an illuminated cover in two colors. It is neat and compact, and easily fits in any waistcoat pocket. It will be delivered free of charge in all the League cities, and can also be obtained at this office by sending a two-cent stamp. No lover of baseball can afford to be without one.

MASKS AND FACES.

Something New in the Living Picture Line.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S AMBITION

The Blonde Comic Opera Queen Would Dearly Love to Appear in "Trilby."

CISSY LOFTUS CHATS INTERESTINGLY

The latest thing in the way of "living pictures" was presented at the Casino, recently, when Bessie Stanton posed as a "bronze living statue," almost completely nude from top to toe, save for the coating of bronze paint.

The New York theatre-going public shuddered last spring when it was announced that "living pictures" were to be produced here—and for weeks the theatre where this *fin-de-siècle* class of entertainment was first

Then Manager Aronson announced that Miss Bache would pose entirely nude, or nearly so. On her appearance, however, she was entirely in tight. Mr. Aronson insisted that this would not do, and on the following night Miss Bache appeared in several poses with very scanty drapery. She did so under protest, however, and told Mr. Aronson she would not do it again. She was thereupon dismissed, and Miss Stanton, who has been a member of the ballet, was pressed into service.

Miss Stanton has a remarkably fine figure, and was shown to great advantage as "The Vestal Virgin," "Flora" and "Phryne," and in two groups, "Paris and Helen" and "Combat d'Amour." In "The Vestal Virgin" and "Flora" there was considerable drapery, but in "Phryne," "Paris and Helen" and "Combat d'Amour" there was none to speak of, and it was the latter three that were most enthusiastically received by the audience.

Lillian Russell has a great desire to play "Trilby." "When I first read the book I thought how perfectly delightful it would be to appear in a play founded on Du Maurier's novel, with myself as the sole singer, being no other than Trilby under Sevengall's influence, but others have thought out the play before me, and, anyway, I have my hands pretty well filled with work already planned for me."

While on this fat subject it is appropriate to relate that Virginia Harned is starving herself in order to get to the Trilby dimensions. Miss Harned is more than delicately plump, and the *blanchissimus de fin* is not to look as well fed. So the actress is denying herself many gastronomic luxuries, for, being fond of her dinner, she cannot grow thinner—unless she does.

A very sensible suggestion on this Trilby question (and oh! how sickening that question is growing!) comes from an actor who believes that some unknown woman

people ever objected to her imitations of them. "Object!" repeated Miss Loftus, her eyes flying wide open, with surprise this time. "Oh, no. I don't caricature them, you know. Why, I think they like it. I know some of them do, for they have asked me to do it. Sarah Bernhardt sent for me to come and see her. So did Yvette Guilbert. I like to do her part best of all—she is such a lark! When I saw her she was singing only in French, but now she is singing in English, too; but very nice little songs; quite sentimental, you know." A gleam of mischief appeared in the brown eyes as Miss Loftus added: "If she put some of her French songs into English, you know, they'd be just a bit—er—er—just a little bit, eh?"

"I heard her sing 'Linger Longer Loo' in her room. It was a wonderful performance, and it nearly killed me. Her English was too funny! When she had sung it she asked me if I thought it would go well on the stage. I don't know what I said in reply. I know what I thought. I thought it would go beautifully as a comic, but I think she meant it as a sentimental. I didn't dare ask her, for she seemed very much in earnest about it. "In London, Yvette is my most popular role. Perhaps that is why I like it best. Over here—now, you see, that's a point. Over here you don't know these people that I imitate. In London people go and see them and then they see me, and it is much more interesting. That is what frightened me so when I began here. I said to myself: 'Nobody here knows these people you are going to mimic. They won't care for it at all.' When I started to imitate Hayden Coffin my mouth was so dry that my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth from fright. But when I saw how kind every one was I got over my fright. They seemed to like Sarah Bernhardt best."

"Marie Lloyd has been over here recently, so they should know her. It is so much easier when your audience has seen the person you are imitating. But you Americans like English things, don't you? And it is so very good of you, but so funny in some ways. Now, we have Eugene Straton in London, who does darky songs, and when I imitated him it didn't take as well here as in London. Perhaps it's too much, eh?—an imitation of an imitation—or is it because you like English songs better?"

And then the fair mimic protested that the question had not been put to her what she thought of America. "But, you see," she went on without waiting for the omission to be supplied, "I've been over here to America before." Then, following her husband's suggestion, she admitted that she hadn't formed many impressions before.

"I came over with my mother then. It was nine years ago, and my impressions were rather confused. Now, I will tell you my impression of America. I haven't been about much, so I can't speak with any great breadth, you know, and I'll just speak of what I know myself. Isn't that wise of me?"

The wide, brown eyes looked very wise indeed, and even if they hadn't nobody within their range would have dared to say so.

"Yes," the one point on which I consider myself—ahem—qualified to speak I will now expound. It is the American audience. To speak shortly and sweetly, I think it is a very kind, nice, lovely audience to play to. I know it has been so to me."

Which goes to show that what Cissy Loftus thinks of the American audience is the direct result of what the American audience thinks of Cissy Loftus.

Effe Shannon is the only American member of Mrs. Langtry's company who will accompany her to England. Charles J. Richman, who was reported to have been engaged for the London season, will not go. Speaking of Richman recalls a story which is making the Rialto smile just now.

In her rooms at the hotel Mrs. Langtry remarked to a caller who was interested in the collection of bric-a-brac and photographs which were strewn about:

"These were all given to me by my friends. You know I make a practice of getting some little souvenir from every person I meet. It doesn't matter what it is. Anything from a photo to a diamond so long as it supplies me with a hook on which to hang my recollection of them in my mind."

Mrs. Langtry then showed several little trifles which had been given to her by members of the "Gossip" company.

"Ah, yes!" said the inquisitive man. "And, now, what did Manager Palmer give you?"

Mrs. Langtry furrowed her brow, thought hard for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh, yes! Of course. Why Mr. Palmer gave me Mr. Richman."

Every once in awhile we think we have struck a novelty at the theatre and there is a rush to see it. But at the beginning of the century Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, was gradually unveiled to soft music as the goddess of Hygeia, and eager audiences clamored for front seats.

She is bashful, coquettish, both shy and engaging. She is everything cute that a lassie can be. Now sweetly pathetic, now wildly rampaging, Now crying her eyes out, now dancing with glee, How she dotes on her beau! What a dance the jade leads him! How she roasts him and loves him! calls him humping and pet! Now Cupid she starves; now ambrosia she feeds him, That maddening, charming, coquettish sourest! She does risky things that are charming as awful, Oh, what would I give for a hug from the first! To love such a charmer could not be but lawful, No man such a lovely young lassie would hurt, Of all the stage heroines, nary a one, sir, Can touch the short-skirted, wee sweetness—the pet! My heart I have lost, and I know it has gone, sir, To that sweet, aggravating but lovely sourest!

\$100.00 IF YOU CATCH HIM!

One Hundred Dollars Reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of D. O. Shaw, who is fraudulently soliciting subscriptions for the Police Gazette. Last heard of he was working Texas. Send information to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



SOME NEW LIVING PICTURES.

shown was crowded to the doors. Other managers took up the "fad," and now "living pictures" are rather an old story.

Messrs. Nahl & Bradley arrived in New York a short time ago, and announced that they had something new—"bronze living statues." One enterprising manager gave them a chance to publicly exhibit their show, and they posed in imitation of such well-known pieces of sculpture as "Apollo Belvedere," "Ajax," "The Wrestlers" and "The Disk Throwers." It was conceded that the exhibition was artistic, and that the models were splendidly-formed young men, but—there it ended.

The managers, however, were not discouraged. Rudolph Aronson was about to open the Casino. He wanted a sensation. Messrs. Nahl & Bradley unfolded to him their scheme. They would add to their repertory such statues as "Phryne," "Eve" and "Paris and Helen," and they would engage a female model to assist them. Mr. Aronson announced at once that "bronze living statues, with both male and female models," would be shown at the Casino.

Bertha Bache was the first model engaged to pose with Messrs. Nahl & Bradley. A week ago she made her first appearance, but only in a group called "Hagar and Ishmael," in which she was almost entirely draped, only her arms, shoulders and face being shown bronzed. The drapery was dropped little by little, and by the end of the week she appeared entirely nude above the waist.

DAINTIEST AND NATTIEST

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should have been brought mysteriously to New York and cast for the part. Mr. Palmer should have tried to keep his audiences guessing as to the identity of his Trilby. Miss Harned is all very well, but she has been identified with adventurous roles, and has played ladies with pasts for so long that audiences will be suspicious of old methods in her work. It would have been wise to secure a new, gorgeous-looking woman, even if she couldn't act, for, after all, "Trilby" is not going to appeal as strongly to the habitual theatre-goer as to the curio seeker.

My Lady May Yohe Hope is again on the top wave of popularity in "Dandy Dick Whittington." She is now known among her associates exclusively as Lady Hope, and according to a private letter received in this city she insisted that her name should be programmed as Lady Hope.

It wasn't though.

The English public still call her May Yohe. Her ladyship was recently interviewed, and—well, she wasn't bashful. She told the gullest youths who interviewed her that her mother was an American Indian belonging to the Narragansett tribe, and that she was very proud of this fact, "as it sort of connects me with the creation of the world." Then she said she was educated at Dresden.

"The only thing I really cared for," sighed her ladyship, "was music, and I had Herr von Bulow—there's a jerry-madrig over the 'u'—to teach me the piano."

Then she declared that she never had bouquets handed across the footlights, as the perfume of the flowers utterly destroyed her voice. She said sheaps more, all of the same interesting character. Her ladyship has no intention of coming to America.

I asked dainty little Cissy Loftus the other day if

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Some Living Pictures That Shock a Congregation.

THREE LIVELY SHADOWS.

A Respondent in a Divorce Suit Said to Have Danced About Lightly Clad.

SHE POSED FOR MAJESTIC DIANA.

Living pictures in a Fifth avenue church! It happened at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church on Forty-sixth street, close to Fifth avenue, in New York city, and it will never happen again.

It has leaked out that after the evening services on the Sunday previous the spacious font near the pulpit was prepared for the baptismal ceremony. The Rev. W. P. Faunce, the pastor, had preached a powerful sermon on the subject of the "Unemployed Rich." The larger portion of a congregation which filled the floor of the edifice from porch to chancel rail remained to witness the immersion.

Three young girls, attired in pure white robes, entered the chancel and took up positions on the edge of the marble basin. A moment later the pastor joined them, arrayed in the prescribed vestments of his church. The ceremony was completed quickly. Three beautiful girls, wet to the skin, and with clinging, dripping garments, glided back through the vestry door. The congregation, instilled with spiritual thoughts, departed.

Some, however, stayed behind to attend a prayer meeting in the audience room. It was during this meeting that the fates began to frolic. There are no outside windows in the audience room. It is separated from three smaller apartments by a small alleyway. At the alley a glass window from ceiling to floor admits all the light for the four rooms, and these rooms are divided by glass screens, frosted almost to the top. In this way the rooms are lighted during the day. At night gas jets are satisfactory. When any one passes between these jets and the frosted glass windows their shadows are thrown on the glass, and can be easily seen by the people in the next room. But no one had ever noticed that.

The three young ladies retired to the apartment next to the audience room to dry and dress themselves.

The prayer meeting had been well attended, chiefly by the young men of the flock. One young man was praying earnestly, and the heads of all the rest were devoutly lowered and their eyes closed. Some one looked up. His eyes fell on that frosted glass screen. His gaze continued to rest on the screen. The young man who was leading the prayer meeting also happened to look at the glass wall. He paused—just a second—then went on reciting the prayer faster than before.

That pause caused others to look up, and some of them kept looking at the screen and some covered their faces with their hands. Many of them blushed. All felt uncomfortable.

Living pictures, sure enough!

They were on the glass screen, of course. The outline of one young lady coiling her hair, then a young lady rubbing herself vigorously with a towel, then a third young lady throwing a big crash towel to one of the others, followed by more rubbing, were plainly displayed. For a minute the pictures would vanish, then they would come again. Every time the young man who was leading in prayer dared to cast an eye on the glass wall there was a black, well-defined silhouette.

The three newly-baptized girls had no idea of the trouble they were innocently causing. One young man got quietly out of his seat and left the prayer meeting. A minute later the dark shadows vanished.

A visitor to the church on the occasion said:

"I was listening to the prayer, but my attention was not so closely riveted as it might have been. When I first noticed the shadows I was very much embarrassed. The real state of affairs did not occur to me for a moment. When it did, I was too much fascinated by the ludicrousness of the situation to stir. I was afraid of attracting the attention of everybody else to those shadow movements. It was most painful, but it was awfully funny. First I saw one figure coiling up a lot of back hair. Then two others putting on garments over their head and shoulders. It was like a living picture show on a kinetoscope in bad working order. Sometimes you couldn't see anything. It was very grotesque."

Mr. Faunce looked very serious when told about it. A dressing-room with no glass walls will probably be fixed up soon.

The hearing in the application for divorce on statutory grounds made by Christian W. Meinecke, the wholesale druggist of 151 Columbus avenue, in New York City, was continued before Referee William N. Low, at 233 Broadway.

John Horner, 18 years old, who had been in Mrs. Meinecke's employ, told how he, Mrs. Meinecke and a Mr. Parker, day clerk at the St. Nicholas House, went out one night "on a racket." They spent an hour in a saloon and then tried to get rooms in a hotel. They were refused at three hotels along Third avenue, but finally got into the Allman House; Parker and Mrs. Meinecke occupied one room and the witness another. During the night Mrs. Meinecke entered the witness' room and told him Parker was crying, and that she did not want to remain with him.

New Year's night, the witness said, a Mr. Merritt visited Mrs. Meinecke's flat, accompanied by an old gentleman with gray hair and beard. They remained from 8 o'clock until midnight. Once, while carrying liquor into the drawing-room, the witness saw the old gentleman's clothes on a sofa. He entered the bedroom and saw the old man and Mrs. Meinecke.

"Afterward Mrs. Meinecke danced about the kitchen clad only in a black chemise," said the witness. "Another visitor at Mrs. Meinecke's flat," he went on, "was

Mr. Pierce, the night clerk at the St. Nicholas. He stayed there one night last January."

The witness testified that he accompanied the defendant to Pelhamville on three occasions. They went to the house of Justice of the Peace Frank Lyons. He said Mr. Lyons kissed defendant when they were coming away.

"She told me her rent had been paid by two undertakers for a time," the man continued. The witness was asked if he was afraid of Mrs. Meinecke. He said he was, and he was not. He said he wouldn't like to be alone with her, as she might do him some physical injury.

Miss Annette C. Wildey is the young lady who posed for the statue of the goddess Diana, which balances itself on one foot on the top of the beautiful tower of Madison Square Garden.

By unearthing this secret it puts an end to the speculation that has been indulged in regard to the identity of the model.

Miss Wildey is said by artists to be the possessor of the most perfect figure in New York. Artists have found that in nearly every case the flesh of the model is so distributed that there is an imperfection somewhere, and it is rare to find any one model suitable for an entire statue or picture. But Miss Wildey's figure was found to be without a flaw.

Her legs are shapely and are not too large to be out of proportion with her finely molded shoulders, neck and bust. Her large eyes are dark brown, her hair is

her," she asked, when the question was broached. When assured that the famous sculptor had not made the secret known she consented to talk a little.

"I began to pose for the statue of the goddess early in September, 1893. I posed altogether about fourteen times. The position I had to assume was a very trying one, you know. I had to stand on the toes of my right foot. It is so difficult to stand on one's toes for any length of time that I had to rest at short intervals. The poses lasted about five minutes. In this way I spent from 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 6. The statue from which the cast was made was five feet seven inches high. A figure thirteen feet high was made from this, and the small one which was intended to place on the tower temporarily was broken up."

"Did you pose for the 'Diana' that was sent to Chicago?"

"For only a small part of it."

"Is your face represented in the new statue?"

"Not my face, but the head will be mine, as well as the other parts of the figure, except, as I said, the face."

Mr. St. Gaudens was busy in his studio, at No. 148 West Thirty-sixth street, when asked about the model for his famous statue. He courteously remarked that it was a professional secret.

ATTACKED BY A MONKEY.

An Italian appeared on the streets of Mason, O., recently with a monkey and was amusing a large crowd

with the animal's tricks. The exhibition was given in front of John Bahr's meat store, and among the spectators was Mr. Bahr's wife. The monkey, a large and vicious-looking animal, suddenly be-



AN INTERESTING SPECTACLE.

chestnut in color and inclined to curl. There is a slight Roman curve to her nose. Her mouth is marked by cherry lips that form a perfect cupid's bow.

Miss Wildey is five feet five inches in height. She weighs 114 pounds when she is attired for the studio. She was twenty-two years old on December 13 last. She lives at No. 275 West Thirty-sixth street. She was born and reared in this city.

Miss Wildey has been a professional model for seven years. The first artist she posed for was Benjamin R. Fitz, who died two years ago. She has posed for all of the most prominent artists in New York, and is the one most in demand among the students of the Art League.

Mr. St. Gaudens has known Miss Wildey for about five years. He selected her as the ideal model for "Diana."

Miss Wildey is a sensible young woman, with a good business head on her shoulders. It is said that a young man of excellent family offered to settle \$100,000 on her if she would marry him, but she preferred to remain single until the man should come along that she would marry for love.

It required several weeks' search to find Miss Wildey to interview her, because she does not court newspaper notoriety. When she was found at last she was averse to saying a word about "Diana." She appreciated the fact that Mr. St. Gaudens had refrained from revealing the identity of the model, out of consideration for her.

"I am sure I can't imagine from whom you obtained your information," Mr. St. Gaudens didn't tell you, did

FAIR BUT FRAIL!

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and, springing into the crowd, seized Mrs. Bahr by the arm and sank its long teeth into her flesh. The lady screamed and the crowd scattered. Several plucky men seized the monkey and tore it away from its victim, but not until Mrs. Bahr had been badly injured. The monkey bit her twice, inflicting ugly wounds in the fleshy part of the arm, which was also torn badly. Dr. Van Dyke was summoned and found Mrs. Bahr seriously injured. The wounds were cauterized, and the victim is resting easy, although her family are considerably alarmed. Marshal Biggs gave the Italian ten minutes to get out of town, and he disappeared at once with the savage monkey.

PUNCHED A GAY BACHELOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Moses Lowey, a cigar manufacturer of Elizabeth, N. J., was terribly beaten while escorting a young woman home from the theatre. His assailant, Henry Hoffoster, well-known in society, was arrested and spent the night in the lock-up.

Lowey is a bachelor. In the seat behind him at the theatre was a fascinating young woman. Lowey did not know she was married and scraped an acquaintance with her during the play. At the close of the play he accompanied her home. As they were approaching Hoffoster's home a man emerged from the shadow of a tree. When the woman saw him she uttered a scream and ran into the house.

The man proceeded to punch Lowey in the most approved pugilistic style. Finally Lowey managed to get away, and ran down the street, his assailant pursuing him. Both men ran into the arms of Policeman Miller, who arrested Hoffoster on Lowey's charge of assault.

The next morning when asked in court why he had attacked Lowey, Hoffoster explained that he was just returning home from New York when he met Lowey

and his wife. Lowey was talking to her in endearing terms, and he could not help punching him.

"Is that woman your wife?" inquired Lowey.

"She is," replied the prisoner.

"Then, Judge, I withdraw my complaint," gasped the sufferer, as he extended his hand to Hoffoster. The two men shook hands, and with Mrs. Hoffoster left the court room together.

WOMAN SHOT BY A FOOTPAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Selfredge and his wife were driving home the other night when, near the junction of the old Glensboro road, near Woodbury, N. J., three men grabbed the horse's head. A fourth man sprang to the side of the carriage and ordered the occupants to alight.

Selfredge gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip and the animal plunged wildly, shaking off the grasp of the men, and then dashed down the road. Three shots were fired in quick succession. Mrs. Selfredge screamed and fell forward, her head striking the dashboard of the carriage. As soon as he could control the frightened horse Mr. Selfredge picked his wife up, placed her on the seat and drove to the nearest house. Dr. C. G. Abbott was summoned from Woodbury. He found a bullet deeply imbedded in Mrs. Selfredge's back. The wound is serious, but she will probably recover.

DEATH'S LIVING PICTURE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Annie Shannon, a young married woman, living at 45 Baum street, in Cincinnati, O., was found dead standing in front of the dresser in her bedroom. From the appearance of the body she had evidently been posing before the mirror when death overtook her. She was leaning on the dresser and her head was turned coquettishly to one side. Her eyes were wide open and were staring full at the mirror. The woman was dressed in only a pair of tights.

The body was discovered by a young girl who called at Mrs. Shannon's room. Her knock was answered by Mrs. Shannon's four-year-old child. When the girl entered the room she saw Mrs. Shannon, as she thought, preparing her toilet. She spoke pleasantly but was surprised at receiving no response. She walked over to the mirror and laid her hand on the woman, and then it was that she discovered that she was dead. She gave the alarm, and in a short time the entire neighborhood was aroused. Coroner Haerr was hastily summoned, and the body was not disturbed until his arrival.

A score of people crowded into the room gazing in awestruck silence at the silent figure before the mirror. Dr. Haerr pronounced the case one of the most remarkable on record, he says the woman had been dead several hours.

How it happened that she did not fall to the floor, is what is most surprising. The doctor is of the opinion that the woman was posing before the mirror when she was stricken with death. She was of a prepossessing face and figure. Her husband is a clerk.

JOE HOPKINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Several weeks ago, Sam Bolan, a colored boxer, had an interesting encounter with George Dixon, the champion featherweight, under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club. Bolan made an excellent showing, and actually stood Dixon off. So splendid an impression did he make, that the club members decided to match him against Joe Hopkins, a hard hitting fellow who once made things extremely unpleasant for Joe Walcott. The fight between Bolan and Hopkins took place at the New York Athletic Club, before a distinguished company of spectators. Bolan was knocked out in the second round. Hopkins is in the lightweight class and there is plenty of money to back him to a finish against anybody at 133 pounds.

JAMES CROWLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Crowley is a great swimmer, who is shortly to contest for the championship of the South. He is now at Palm Beach, Fla., where he is employed as life guard. Mr. Crowley hails from Taunton, Mass., and is twenty-eight years old. He is the possessor of seven beautiful medals for his heroism on the beaches at the Boston's summer resorts. Recently he saved the life of a hotel musician who had ventured beyond his depth and was going under for the last time. Mr. Crowley is perhaps the best swimmer in the South. Mr. Crowley does not say this himself, but the fact that \$250 have been placed up for a match for the Southern championship signifies that he is a good one. Richard K. Fox has kindly offered a medal for the Southern trophy in case he meets an opponent. If a match is arranged for this season, it will no doubt occur at Lake Worth, Fla.

KID FRALEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Kid Fraley is a clever and hard hitting 90-pound lad of Philadelphia, who has met and defeated all comers in Philadelphia at his weight, and his backer and manager, Fred J. Helferty, will back him to fight any boxer in the country with the exception of colored boxers. Among the prominent fighters who have met defeat at his hands are Teddy Hastings, 100-pound champion of England, twice in two and three rounds respectively. George Elliott 6 rounds, Jasper Sullivan, 90-pound champion of Gloucester, N. J., 3 rounds, Jack Belger, same night, 4 rounds, Johnny Murphy, champion of Delaware, 3 rounds, Chappy Campbell, 5 rounds, Tommy Gorman, 4 rounds, 11-round draw with Kid Burke, Dick Butler, 5 rounds, Shorty Boyle, 3 rounds.

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IT CONSISTS OF FAIR MINNIE RENWOOD, PRETTY HATTIE WILLIAMS AND CLEVER JOHNSTONE BENNETT.



SEVERAL BURIED IN THE WRECK.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE CAUSED BY AN EXPLOSION OF POWDER, AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



PUNCHED A GAY BACHELOR.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND SOUNDLY THRASHES THE ESCORT OF HIS PRETTY WIFE, AT ELIZABETH, N. J.

A STRANGE INFATUATION.

A Fair Organist Who Loves Her
Spiritual Adviser.

HUSBAND GETS A DIVORCE.

Very Interesting Facts in the Case Made
Public for the First Time.

BOTH ARE NOW LIVING ABROAD.

The application of George W. Brandt for divorce from his wife, Anna H. Brandt, on the ground of misconduct with the Rev. Conrad Haney, former pastor of the Lake Avenue Union church, Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, Ill., was disposed of by Judge Tuthill within the brief space of fifteen minutes. Mr. Brandt was given his divorce.

Under the settled forms of judicial procedure was compressed in the testimony one of those romances from real life whose study is the theme of novelists and playwrights all the world over. Brief questions, almost as brief answers, and each succeeding witness told the essential facts upon which the court took action, but outside this rigid line of inquiry were circumstances and episodes and details of conduct and items out of the lives of two erring people that gave their actions the strongest interest.

The purely legal value of the testimony as a matter of curiosity amounted to little. Mr. Brandt, the first witness, told of his marriage in 1884 and that the fruit of this marriage was two children—Florence, aged 9, and William C., aged 3. His brief recital of the circumstances under which he found his wife in the society of the Rev. Mr. Haney in a room at the Sherman House late on the evening of Dec. 6 last ended his testimony.

Judge Tuthill wished to know whether Mr. and Mrs. Brandt worshipped at Mr. Haney's church. Mr. Brandt said they did. To the court he also described in detail his discovery of his wife's unfaithfulness.

"When the door of the room was opened," said he, "I said to Haney: 'You've done me a great wrong,' and that I had them both where I wanted them."

The Court—"What did he say?"

Mr. Brandt—"He said he would never ask me to forgive him; that he had acted the hypocrite. I asked him how long this had been going on. He said about six months."

The Court—"He made no pretense that nothing of a criminal nature had been done?"

Mr. Brandt—"Oh, no. He said he was to blame for it all. But my wife went over to him and said it was just as much her fault as his."

More detail was given by George W. Wicks, a private detective. He told of having tracked Mrs. Brandt from her home in Hyde Park on the night of the discovery to a rendezvous she had with Haney. This was in no other untoward spot than the waiting-room of the "All-Hog" railroad on Twenty-second street. It was about 4:30 when Mrs. Brandt set out from her home. She took lunch in a restaurant on Twenty-second street. Half or three-quarters of an hour later she met Haney. A few minutes' chat outside the "All-Hog" turnstile and Mrs. Brandt went out, hailed a cab and drove to the Sherman House. She registered as Mrs. Wilson, of St. Louis, was assigned to room 507, and perhaps half an hour later Haney arrived from the Clark street entrance, and, having registered under his proper name, was shown up to room 446. In the course of an hour he visited Mrs. Brandt's apartments, and his discovery there about 11:30 at night under embarrassing circumstances was told by the house detective and the night clerk, Mr. W. Parsons.

"Take your decree," said Judge Tuthill, when the last witness had finished, and so the case in the courts was ended.

Haney and Mrs. Brandt are now in Europe. Less than two weeks ago they were seen in London. They were lunching together in Gatti's restaurant, just off the Strand, when a Chicago couple entered. The newcomers were from Hyde Park and knew both Haney and Mrs. Brandt. When the latter saw they were recognized they hurriedly got up and went out. Later they were seen by other Chicagoans at Brussels, en route for the continental watering places. Mrs. Brandt has \$6,000 cash and the income of some \$30,000 worth of stock in her father's lumber company at Muscatine, Ia. The first sum of money she realized from the sale of her house in Hyde Park, a property worth some \$20,000, but which she disposed of at a sacrifice by agreement that the house and lot were to go to her children. The woman, all through her transactions in the settlement of her property, showed herself to be desperately enamored of Haney. She was the organist of his church. He had a reputation for eloquence. She delighted to listen to him. An underset man, Haney has no pretense at all to good looks such as women approve, yet he had a persuasiveness in his discourse that Mrs. Brandt could not resist. She grew to love the homely preacher, and he on his part soon forgot all his vows, the sanctity of his calling and every obligation that bound him to his family and his flock.

One incident not hitherto made public showed the intensity of the attraction these people had for each other. Within a week after they fled from Chicago Detective Wicks found them in Cincinnati. He had been engaged by the woman's brother, Harry Huttling of the Huttling Lumber Company, Muscatine, Iowa, to locate her. Young Mr. Huttling was in despair at his sister's misconduct. He came on to Chicago, once he read the published accounts of the scandal, bent on vengeance. To his mind, Haney was responsible for all. While in this city he armed himself with three revolvers. As soon as Detective Wicks informed him where the

couple were Mr. Huttling decided to go to Cincinnati at once.

His indignation, while aimed principally at Haney, was also directed against his sister. He recalled her marriage in Muscatine some eleven years before, and remembered the social event it was. The young couple were the favorites of rich and influential friends.

Over \$10,000 worth of wedding presents had been given the newly wedded Mr. and Mrs. Brandt. The groom's brother had given him \$5,000 cash to begin housekeeping with. The bride's father, the rich lumber dealer, presented her with a piano that cost \$1,800. Other friends had presented her with some \$2,000 worth of diamonds. Young Brandt was an excellent business man. Growing too big for Muscatine, he came to Chicago, where he is now acting as the manager of the Price Baking Powder Company, at a salary, it is said, of \$8,000 a year.

The bitter reflections Mr. Huttling called up from his knowledge of his sister's domestic life filled him with desperation. The detectives he hired divined this and before they let him depart for Cincinnati they searched him and took from him two revolvers, so it is said. He managed to get hold of a third one in some way, and as Huttling and Detective Wicks' operative started for Cincinnati after the erring woman another party set out after the erring divine. This latter party is said to have been made up of City Commissioner of Health Reynolds and Dr. Hoag, of Hyde Park. In Cincinnati it was found the couple had changed their stopping place no fewer than five times. Eventually they were found by the Wicks operative.

The scene that took place, once Mr. Huttling came face to face with his sister's companion, almost resulted in murder. Springing on Haney, the brother of his misguided associate seized the preacher by the neck. In an instant, before those



present had time to interfere, his finger nails had stripped Haney's face of big strips of flesh. Mr. Haney was at the mercy of an infuriated giant till Huttling was seized and held firm in the grasp of all the men in the room. The interview between the brother and sister, as soon as the former grew calm, was full of intense passion.

"You are crazy!" Huttling cried to his sister. "See this man. He has already deserted one woman and that one his wife; he will desert you also when the time comes."

"If he does," the woman is reported to have answered, "I'll kill him."

"Come home with me!" cried the brother. "Try to begin a new life."

"I will do it on one condition and that is that I shall have the opportunity of an interview with Mr. Haney for one hour," so the woman was quoted.

This condition was acceded to. For an hour Haney and Mrs. Brandt held an interview in a locked room in the hotel, the detectives and friends of both parties remaining on the outside. At the termination of the hour Mrs. Brandt signified that she was willing to return with her brother. She did so and went with him to Muscatine. Tuesday, December 14, the brother and sister lunched at the Great Northern, while at another hotel in Chicago, Haney and Drs. Reynolds and Hoag were temporary guests. What passed in the interview between Haney and Mrs. Brandt their friends never learned, but recent disclosures tend to the belief that an understanding was reached there, that after the lapse of a short time they would meet at another place and flee the country. Mrs. Brandt remained only a short time in Muscatine. Haney's movements were lost sight of after he came back to Chicago, and the next thing heard of the couple was that they were in Europe.

Anna Huttling, as she was known in Muscatine twelve or fifteen years ago, was a beautiful girl. As her father was one of the richest men along the Mississippi towns, her education was carefully looked after. She was literary in her tastes, musical in her accomplishments, and it is said by reason of all these she was impressive to exactly the kind of a man gifted with the picturesque fluency Haney possessed. That the woman was past all the ordinary influences of rectitude is declared by Mr. Brandt's friends from the circumstance that she abandoned her little ones, coldly kissing each of them as she packed her trunk, and leaving them forever with

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the remark: "Mamma is going away." Haney was equally callous toward his wife and children. Before his flight he drew \$150 salary and left his family without a dollar. The church people out of pity for Mrs. Haney raised \$600 for the support of her and her children. She is now engaged in keeping a boarding house, it is said, in a little town in the central part of the State.

DESPERATE BATTLE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mollie Stanley, of Bartow, Fla., and Miss Ruth Craven, of Ringgold, Ga., had a fight for life with an alligator recently. The young ladies had gone out to Lake Fancok to fish, taking with them a Winchester rifle, as Miss Craven is an expert with the weapon. They passed the evening in a boat on the lake, and about midnight they rowed toward the shore. When they were almost at the shore the boat was driven against a huge alligator, which, in the gathering dusk, the girls had not noticed. The alligator showed fight immediately, dealing the boat a blow with its tail, which smashed it and threw the girls into the water, which was only 3 feet deep. The alligator continued to thrash at the girls with its tail, one blow striking Miss Stanley on the leg, fracturing it, and she dropped helpless in the water. Fortunately, Miss Craven had retained hold of the rifle, and she began to shoot at the reptile. The first bullet struck it in the back, and seemed to increase its fury. It made at Miss Craven, but she stood her ground, and just as it opened its jaws to seize her she sent a bul-

Miss Todd is a maiden lady, who takes care of her aged mother. She is a sister of Louis Todd, a wealthy resident of New York city, where he owns two large hotels, the Marlboro and the Vendome.

Miss Turner is a young woman about 18 years old, who has for some time lived in Miss Todd's family.

Miss Todd bears some marks on her face and neck where the burglar struck and choked her.

There was silverware and money very accessible, but none taken.

WRAPPED IN A BLANKET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"You have got to go any way," said Deputy Sheriff Thayer to Lena Austen, in the home of her mother at Knightstown, Henry County, Ind. Then he took her out of bed, wrapped a blanket around her and carried her to her father, who was waiting in an adjacent barn. The mother's novel expedient of keeping Lena naked in bed, when Sheriff Tompkins appeared with a writ issued by the Judge of Rush County giving the father the custody of his daughter was not successful. When the deputy first went to the house he carried suitable clothing for her to put on. He put the dress inside the door and told her to get ready. After waiting half an hour he entered the room and found the apparel cut up into carpet rags. He reported to the father and he got a horse blanket. The deputy went to Lena's bed and found her with as much clothes on as when she was born. He wrapped the blanket around her and carried her screaming and kicking to the father. In the barn Austen had more dresses, and he succeeded in putting some of them on her after a lively tussle. Then he took her home in a wagon. Then fair Lena fought like a tigress and tore her clothes into shreds. The people along the route had a free living picture show, accompanied by hysterical yells. That the young lady will run away from her father's house at the first opportunity is a foregone conclusion, and she will go in the garb of Eve, if she can't go any other way.

BEATEN WITH A CANE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensational scene was witnessed not long ago at the Central-Hudson station in Palmyra, N. Y., in which John W. Lamsden and Mrs. Willis, a widow residing on Railroad avenue, were the participants. For the past three or four months Lamsden has conducted a shoe store in Palmyra, being the same party who recently had a former clerk, Merritt B. Mills, of Dansville, arrested on the charge of larceny, claiming that Mills had stolen goods from the store. Mills was acquitted, and it is said the unsuccessful outcome of the suit, together with other matters, made Lamsden decide to leave Palmyra, so he packed his goods and prepared to leave town, but at the depot he was met by Mrs. Willis, who charged him with insulting her daughter. Lamsden was just about to procure a ticket to Albany when Mrs. Willis rushed up to him and shouting, "You will insult my fourteen-year-old daughter, will you?" struck him a terrible blow across the face with a heavy cane. Lamsden was partially stunned, and apparently did not know which way to turn, but the blows came raining down upon him, and swinging his right arm around he hit the woman a heavy blow in the face, which brought her to the ground. Nothing daunted, the widow, with the assistance of a bystander, gained her feet and literally drove her victim to the saloon owned by David Dennis. Just at this point the 5:42 o'clock train pulled in, and Lamsden dodged around the train in a vain attempt to escape the terrific whipping which the stout arm of the mother of the alleged insulted girl was giving him. The passengers crowded to the platform and watched the bruised and bleeding Lamsden try to hide himself. As the train pulled out, the shoeman made one desperate dash, and amid a shower of blows gained the car platform, where he was safe. Lamsden is a large, muscular fellow, and carries a cane, but he was too badly beaten to defend himself. He will probably carry on his face remembrances of Palmyra and Mrs. Willis as long as he lives.

A TRIO OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

It is a widely diversified group that is presented on our theatrical page this week. It includes Minnie Renwood, Hattie Williams and Johnstone Bennett.

Minnie Renwood is a dancer of exceptional grace and charm, whose serpentine and other dances have made her famous. She is distinctly original, and is now playing a protracted engagement on B. F. Keith's circuit.

Hattie Williams is a dark-eyed little burlesquer whose services are well-nigh indispensable to Edward Elusive Rice.

Johnstone Bennett has always been noted for her masculine eccentricities, as well as her ability as a character actress. She was the original Jane in this country, and is now playing a leading part in Finero's comedy of "The Amazons."

CHARLES A. JARNAGIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles A. Jarnagin, or "Buck," as he is generally known, is said to be an encyclopedia on all sporting matters in the town of Knoxville, Tenn. He is also a baseball player of note, having been recently rated as one of the best first basemen in the South. He swears by the POLICE GAZETTE, which he considers the leading sporting paper in the world.

TIM SCANLON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In Pittsburg, Pa., Tim Scanlon is looked upon as one of the "comers," who might some day get into championship prominence. He has a number of victories to his credit, but his recent battle with Harry Nikirk, stamped him a pugilist of quality. He put Nikirk out in one good short arm punch, that connected with his opponent's jaw. The affair lasted just two minutes.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE

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THEY SAILED FOR EUROPE.

let into its right eye, which killed it. The girl then dragged her helpless and half dead companion out of the water and shouted for help, which soon came, and then she became hysterical. Miss Stanley's right leg is frightfully injured, and amputation may be necessary. The alligator measured 12 feet 4 inches in length, and weighed 300 pounds.

A. G. BATCHELDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every cycle rider in New York State should be familiar with the genial countenance of A. G. Batchelder, who has just been appointed official handicapper for the League of American Wheelmen. Mr. Batchelder has long been identified with cycling interests, and is well known to racing men all over the country. He now fills the post of Sporting Editor on the Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier, in a manner creditable to himself, and satisfactory to an army of readers. He will soon locate permanently in New York City.

SHE POUNDED THE BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Early on a recent morning Miss Antoinette Todd, of Winchendon, Mass., was awakened by a man who had his hand on her throat. She screamed and Miss Turner, who lives with her, came to the rescue.

Miss Turner showed her nerve by pounding the man with all her might. She succeeded in driving him out of the room, all the time fighting him.

Miss Todd was very much frightened. Miss Turner summoned neighbors, but before they got around the intruder disappeared. Policemen were summoned, but sufficient time had elapsed to allow him to escape.

He was tracked as far as Centerville, Mass., where trace of him was lost.

MURDER MYSTERY SOLVED.

William Caesar Confesses Killing Mary Martin.

CHOKED AND MUTILATED HER

The Body Conveyed by Him on the Platform of a Horse Car.

IT WAS WRAPPED IN A CARPET.

The mystery surrounding the murder of the young negress whose mutilated body was found in front of the New York Bank Note Company's building at Sixth avenue and Waverly place in New York city, was solved by the arrest of the murderer and his confession. The murdered woman went by the name of Mary Martin. Her real name is not known. The murderer was William Caesar, a West Indian negro, employed as a porter in a hat store in the Hoffman House.

The story of the crime and the subsequent disposal of the body, as related by Superintendent Byrnes after the confession, was one of the most remarkable ever told at Police Headquarters. In the Superintendent's language, so far as it is possible to quote him, it is this:

and then returned it to the owner. We have that cleaver and there are still traces of blood on it in spite of the attempts to wash the blood off. I'll show you the cleaver." The Superintendent went to a closet and brought out a heavy butcher's cleaver, with an eight-inch blade sharpened to a fine edge.

"Now, this negro," he continued, "lived with the woman nine months. He was first introduced to her by another colored man at the corner of Seventh avenue and Twenty-sixth street. They lived together from a few days after that. They quarrelled constantly. He was extremely jealous of her, and she threatened to leave him and all that. On Friday last—now let me tell you one of the difficulties the police encounter on account of doctor's mistakes. The doctor said that this woman's body was warm when found, and that she had been dead only a few hours. Friday night at 8 o'clock Caesar got home from work and the woman and he quarrelled. This quarrel occurred in the back room. There was a tumbler there, and the woman took the tumbler and fired it at Caesar's head, hitting him and cutting him. He jumped up and grabbed her by the neck. He pressed her down to the floor, and, as she lay there, he held her until he thought she was dead. Then he got up intending to go to bed, but when he reached the door to the front room he noticed that she moved, and he went back and got the piece of cheesecloth and tied it tight around her neck to make sure of the job.

"Then he left her on the floor, and going into the front room, went to bed. He slept all night. In the morning he satisfied himself that the woman was dead and then went off to work, locking the door behind him. He returned to the place at dinner time and looked in to see if things were as he left them, after which he went back to work. He finished his work about 8 o'clock that night and went home.

"The body was too bulky for him to carry as it was, so he determined to cut it up. He was going to take it to the river. He went out and borrowed a cleaver. First he was going to cut her in two and started to do it. But he changed his mind and cut off her legs at the knees,

with the crime. He washed up the blood on the walls and on the floor, but did not try to wash out the stains. We have cut out the spots, and we have them now. The stuff he burned made such a smell that a woman in the house thought the house was on fire, and she rushed up stairs and knocked on his door. He wouldn't let her in. He said there was nothing the matter; that he was only kindling his fire. That satisfied her."

After telling this story the superintendent sent for Caesar and exhibited him to the reporters. He came in the room with great beads of perspiration on his forehead and trembling like a leaf. He is undersized and very black. His cheek bones are prominent. His face is not that of an ordinary criminal. He is 30 years old and comes from St. Kitts, West Indies.

LENTEN FRIVOLS IN GOTHAM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The old-time acceptance of the season of Lent as a time when the world, the flesh and the devil were abjured and all society betook itself to prayer and fasting must be placed upon that mouldy shelf devoted to archives and legends of the past. It has become one of the traditions that we read of with a sigh when we think how different everything is in these nineteenth century days.

New York society, in spots, is gay in Lent than during the rest of the year. Not with large public functions or formal entertainments at private residences, but with informal parties and junketings the very nature of which admit of all kinds of jollification that would seem indecorous even during the season when every one is supposed to be in town going around with the wheels of society and fashion.

There are some dwellings on Fifth avenue where the casual visitor is greeted with the information "not at home," but where the special guests are ushered to upstairs boudoirs where luncheons, poker parties and even skirt dancing serve to while away hours supposed to be spent amid Lakewood pines or in southern resorts usually chosen by New Yorkers during the month of bleak winds and nipping frosts.

One of the amusements which the younger society women have taken up with a gusto this season is the parlor skirt dancing, which became a fad several seasons ago, but was allowed to rest when the Letty Lind and Lole Fuller crazes subsided. The appearance upon the scene of the vivacious Clay Fitzgerald has awakened the old ambition to kick in the minds of the demure young women who learn to be athletic at the various fencing clubs and physical culture schools of the city, and the result is that the people who teach professional dancing have been besieged with aristocratic young women pupils who come to their lessons in carriages and wear gowns and boots that have the Paris stamp. I know of one pretty blonde who made her debut in society only a few months ago under her mother's protecting wing who can outkick any professional dancer of recent fame, so far as altitude is concerned. She has purchased a complete outfit in the way of silk tights of various hues, voluminous skirts of sheeny silk and petticoats ruffled to the waist, a la Letty Lind. Her wardrobe also includes a garment of Oriental colors with beehives, armlets, anklets and girdle of coins, in which she executes the famous muscle dance of the Midway Plaisance. Other girls are learning the dance, but she is the only one who excels in it, and the result is that specially selected audiences of her girl friends gather about her darkened drawing-room during these Lenten afternoons to witness as clever an imitation of the dance du ventre as has ever been witnessed at any exhibition seen in this city, whether professional or amateur.

The serpentine dance is a great favorite with the society girl of stagey longings. Whether it is that they are fascinated with the almost supernatural effects produced with floating draperies and colored lights, or that the rhythmic motion of the arms appeals to their æsthetic natures, there is no knowing, but the fact remains that the teachers of dancing have ten girls who wish to acquire the late Lole Fuller dance to one that wishes to learn the naughty Clay Fitzgerald kick which has recently sprung into favor.

Another frivolity which the end-of-the-century girl indulges in is the "smoker," hitherto supposed to be an exclusive masculine privilege. The cigarette is a popular Lenten diversion, and many packs of a certain harmless brand disappear at these afternoon orgies. To protect the fingers from the tell-tale yellow stains, these wily young women use a dainty little tongs, similar to that which the fashionable confectioner furnishes with a box of bon-bons. These little holders are made for the purpose, however, and some of them are of gold set with gems and marked with monograms and initials. The *fin-de-siècle* girl has her cigarette case also in varying grades of magnificence, from snakeskin and alligator leather to silver and gold, and is not averse to displaying it.

There is one well-appointed boudoir on Seventy-second street which contains a narghili of quaint style and fine workmanship. The pipe is enjoyed in a luxurious fashion, the bowl being filled with a liquor instead of water. Here the fair hostess and her guests have pretty padded smoking coats, made after the style of the masculine lounging jacket, and having pockets innumerable. These, with jaunty fezes, make a most effective costume for the fair end-of-the-century smoker.

CLARA BETTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Female boxers are not such a rarity now as they were in the days when Harry Hill's place flourished and when Daisy Daly was the bright particular luminary in the constellation of fistie stars who congregated in Houston street, New York. A number of women have acquired the art since Daisy Daly's time, but few, if any, are more proficient than Clara Better, whose portrait adorns our pages this week. Miss Better weighs 140 pounds and is a clever and capable boxer. She is billed for a four-round encounter with Miss "Swipes" in Hoboken, N. J., on April 11.

FIFTEEN BURIED IN THE WRECK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An explosion occurred in the ship chandler's store of Charles J. Salathe, two doors from the corner of Decatur and Ursaline streets, in New Orleans, La. This establishment and the adjoining saloon, the Fisherman's Exchange, were completely demolished. Fifteen people, it is estimated, are buried under the ruins of the two buildings. A quantity of powder and shot has always been kept on hand in the ship chandler's store to supply the wants of fishermen. The powder caused the explosion.

IN GAY BOHEMIA!

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WILDE'S CAREER ENDED.

His Downfall Follows the Queensberry Prosecution.

THE MARQUIS LOUDLY CHEERED.

LONDON, April 5.—The career of Oscar Wilde ended to-day in blackest infamy. All London is saying it is a pity the miserable creature had not sufficient pluck to blow out his brains before the police seized him and put him behind the bars to await the punishment for the crime of which he is already proved guilty. Those who were his friends until his guilt was established by his own admissions under yesterday's merciless cross-examination urged him last night to take the shortest road to oblivion, which, they declared, was the only proper sequel to the exposure of his character.

The poor fool imagined it still possible to brazen it out, so he persuaded his lawyer, who refused to go on



MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

with the case, to bring the trial to a close by withdrawing the charges against Lord Queensberry. This was done, and then the fact was speedily brought home to Wilde that although nominally the prosecutor it was he and not the Marquis of Queensberry who was really on trial. Even the prompt verdict of the jury declaring explicitly that the infamous charge against him was true did not make the strange creature realize his position. He wrote a note to an evening newspaper declaring that he was unable to prove his innocence except by putting Lord Alfred Douglas in the witness box, and that he preferred to suffer shame rather than to allow the son to testify against his father. This was simply imbecile, because nothing has been adduced in the trial about the relations between Wilde and Lord Alfred.

There is reason to believe that the disgraced man was prepared to flee from the country. But English law for once acted with commendable promptness. Red tape was cut. The public prosecutor applied for a warrant within two hours after the dramatic collapse of the case in court, and the man who a few days ago was a pampered exquisite, lies on a plank bed in an eight by four cell in the Bow street police station. The charge against him, for some reason not explained, is not felony, but misdemeanor, and the maximum penalty is two years at hard labor, but the Grand Jury may change the indictment to a more serious offence.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which the case has created in London. The Cleveland street scan-



OSCAR WILDE.

dals of a few years ago were bad enough, but the public interest then was mild compared to the talk created by this case. It has been the only subject discussed wherever men have congregated for the last few days. It must be said that public opinion is almost unanimous in thanking the Marquis of Queensberry, for bringing to a crisis what has long been a rapidly spreading scandal in the metropolis.

MAN'S WORST ENEMY!

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HOW SHE WAS KILLED.

"The first thing I did after the finding of the body was to send for Inspector McAvoy and the captain of the precinct where the body was found. I instructed them to make a canvass of the eighth and fifteenth wards, and of the nineteenth precinct, for the purpose of finding somebody who knew the woman. Detectives Armstrong and McCloskey got a negro to go to the Morgue with them at 7 o'clock, and he fully identified the dead woman as a negress he had known, but he hadn't seen her for some months. She was a woman of bad repute, and there was no question but that was her body. The negro located her in or about the nineteenth precinct. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the men found several girls who were friends of this dead negress, and they verified the identification. We then learned that this girl lived with a negro named William Caesar, who worked for Younan, the hatter, in Broadway. We put Caesar under surveillance. We let him stay at large, for we knew we had him dead to rights, and we wanted to see what he would do.

"Later in the night we received information of such a character that there was no question of doubt about the dead woman having been the mistress of the man, and that he was the murderer. We still didn't arrest him. We got a room in a house almost directly opposite the one occupied by him at 148 West Twenty-seventh street, where we could watch him and could see what was going in and out of the house, if anything did go in or out. When we had all the information we wanted we put him under arrest.

"The back room of the two he occupied contained all the evidence relative to the commission of the crime that he had not succeeded in burning up. There was a lot of clothes with blood on them that had not been wholly burned. There was the top of an umbrella which an effort had been made to destroy. The top was positively identified by persons who knew that the murdered woman had one like it. There was a wig partly burned sticking out of the stove, and it contained hairpins that the dead woman had received from a woman friend. These are identified by the woman who bought them. There were biscuits in the room exactly like the biscuit found in the bundle containing the woman's body. There was cheesecloth in the room of exactly the same character and description as that tied around her neck. A part of the carpet had been removed from the floor. The piece in which the woman's body was wrapped fitted and matched the rest of the carpet. We also found that on Friday night this negro went and got a cleaver and brought it to his room. He kept it there some time,

Then he wiped the cleaver blade and took it back to the butcher. He pulled off the dress the woman had on when he got back, and, and he wrapped the body up in the table cover. That showed the outline too plain and he ripped up a big piece of the carpet. He pulled in the clothes line and tied the bundle up. This was about half past 8 o'clock at night.

"Twenty-seventh street at that time is full of people, especially Saturday night. Sixth avenue is crowded as badly as Broadway in the daytime. But that didn't bother him. He lifted the bundle on the bed, then took it under his arm. It weighed about 100 pounds. He walked out, locked the door after him and went down the street just as if he had a roll of carpet, or something of that kind. On the trip down on the Sixth avenue car he stood up and smoked a cigar. The body was behind him on the platform, and, of course, nobody suspected what it was. All the other passengers on the platform got off before Waverly place was reached.

"The negro stood there until the dryer had turned his horses around and was taking them around to the front. The conductor was then inside looking at the register. That left him alone, and he got off and dropped the body over the fence, where it was found, accidentally. This must have been about 9 o'clock in the evening. When he got back up town he went to bed and to sleep.

"On Sunday he wrote a decoy letter and sent it to the police. He gave a history of the woman that was killed, and said that the crime was committed in Rahway, N. J. He said that the body was brought to New York in a wagon by the man who committed the crime, and had been tumbled over the rail. The writer of the letter said that he was going to Washington and would not return for some time. He dated the letter Philadelphia. He evidently did not think of the postmark. It was posted and marked at a sub-station not far from where the crime was committed.

"We were sure when we got that letter that the man who wrote it was the murderer. Now we find that it is in his handwriting. He remained home all day Sunday, cleaning up the room and burning everything it was possible to burn that he thought might connect him



DEATH'S LIVING PICTURE.

PRETTY AND SHAPELY ANNIE SHANNON, A RECENT BRIDE, IS SUDDENLY STRICKEN WITH DEATH WHILE POSING IN TIGHTS BEFORE THE MIRROR IN HER BEDROOM, AT CINCINNATI, O.



WOMAN SHOT BY A FOOTPAD.

SHE WAS DRIVING HOME WITH HER HUSBAND WHEN SUDDENLY HELD UP, NEAR WOODBURY, N. J.



SHE POUNDED THE BURGLAR.

A PLUCKY GIRL USES HER FISTS MOST EFFECTIVELY ON AN INTRUDER, AT WINCHENDON, MASS.

WALCOTT'S SOFT MARK.

Mick Dunn No Match For Tom
O'Rourke's Protege.

IN THE FISTIC WORLD.

Valentine's Refusal to Come to America
Explained.

FAKE STORY ABOUT CORBETT.

That Joe Walcott is a fistic marvel there is no question of doubt. The great fight he made against that clever exponent of the art, Mick Dunn, at Coney Island last week, fully demonstrated that there is no man in his class that can cope with him. With height, reach, weight and everything in his favor, the Australian could do little effective work, although he hit Walcott five blows to the colored man's one. The one blow that Walcott delivered made up for five of Dunn's. His delivery was terrific, having the force of a pile-driver and dazing Dunn on more than one occasion. It was when one of these sledge-hammer blows came in contact with Dunn's head that the Australian showed his cleverness. His clever use of his fists served him in good stead for 7 rounds. In the eighth and last round the colored man, in one of his rushes, caught Dunn a little unawares. This was his opportunity. Quick as a flash, he struck Dunn on the vital spot. Dunn's head shot back. Dunn went the Australian. Walcott, like lightning, followed up the advantage with two blows that ended all his chances of winning. Walcott thereafter went in to finish his opponent. He followed Dunn, who was like a drunken man, all around the ring, hitting him at random. Once Dunn went down, but rose only to meet with more punishment. The bell saved him from a knock-out, which would have been delivered within a few seconds. The police would not permit the bout to be continued in the ninth round, and the referee gave the fight to Walcott.

Leonard and Pierce began the entertainment with a very stirring contest. These lads have been rivals for a long time and the spectators looked for a spirited "go." In this they were not disappointed. The Fourth Warder was the stronger toward the end. Leonard, however, made a very good fight. Pierce had the better of the argument. It was a Pierce house, and when the decision was given in his favor there was wild cheering.

The second pair were Jimmy Handier and Al O'Brien. Fitzsimmons' pupil was much too clever for the Quaker City boxer. The former in the fourth round demonstrated that he was the master of O'Brien. He got in a right on O'Brien's left eye that closed that optic. A straight right on the jaw sent O'Brien to the floor. He remained down the full limit. Handier closed the round by bleeding his opponent's nose. O'Brien went down again in the sixth and seventh rounds. He was outclassed and realized it, but he fought bravely. Towards the close O'Brien made a very fair showing. The blows that O'Brien struck did little damage, however. Handier's defense was magnificent.

It might interest Kid Lavigne as well as the Seaside Athletic Club people, to know just how it happened that Arthur Valentine discontinued the negotiations for his match with the Saginaw lad. The cable correspondence that I had through Editor Atkinson of the *Sporting Life*, London, a month or two ago, rather suggested the likelihood of a match being arranged. The Seaside Club even went so far as to offer a purse and authorize Valentine to draw upon the Police Gazette for expenses. Everything was going along smoothly enough until it occurred to a certain Bob Kirby, who poses as Valentine's backer, and to other sporting gentry who had an 18-karat opinion of the English champion's fistic quality to give him a fight with some one in the lightweight class to get a line on his chances of winning in America. They fished around for an antagonist and finally landed up against Jim Perry, a Cardiff lad, who had spent some time in America and had met many of the leading lightweights in limited-round bouts with a fair amount of success. He was not a crack-jack, but the Valentine crowd thought he was a good enough trial horse to take a punching. The fight was managed by Kirby, which, according to the way they do things in British fistic circles, assured Valentine nothing worse than a draw, even if he did not fulfill the expectations of his friends by winning. That he did not fulfill the expectations of his friends is evidenced by the fact that nothing further has been heard about his coming to America. That he did make a lamentable showing against the Welsh-American lad, is a fact undoubted.

From another source, no other in fact than Frank Krue, the Buffalo featherweight, and his manager, E. K. Franklin, who have just returned from England, I learn that the fight was stopped, and Perry disqualified, for no other reason than that he was making a chopping block of "England's famous lightweight champion," and to save him from a most disgraceful beating. They not only did this to Perry, but while on his way to his hotel, after the fight, Valentine's band of roughs waylaid and assaulted him in the streets, and maltreated him terribly. Had he had the misfortune to knock Valentine out, the chances are he would never have been permitted to live to enjoy his honors.

Valentine, at any rate, dropped from the pugilistic eminence to which he had risen through the machinations of his cage manager. He is about the poorest excuse for a lightweight champion England has ever had, and there is little chance of his ever coming to America to fight. Lavigne ought to be very sore on Perry for losing him such a good thing as Valentine.

The fool killer's mission yet remains undone.

His attention is enlisted on behalf of our army of newspaper readers, upon whom a most sensational fake was perpetrated the other day. The author of this fake having been called down with a large, lurid and emphatic bang, is now trying to excuse his act on the plea that it was perpetrated on April 1, and was in consequence an April fool joke. It is needless to say that another joke of the same kind may cost the gentleman the respect and admiration of thousands of sporting men, who are not fooled by the *nom de plume* "Jack Temple."

The fake story in its entirety reads as follows:

"Early this morning Jim Corbett, with his manager, William A. Brady, and a few friends were in A. Foley's restaurant, on upper Broadway, when young Griffo entered the place.

"The Antipodean was in his customary evening condition. Seeing Corbett, he went over to the table and invited him to 'Take something wat.' Corbett abruptly declined and attempted to ignore Griffo by turning his back to him and continuing his conversation with his friends.

"The Antipodean would not have it that way, but again claimed attention by sneering: 'Oily! oily! I was a long tall hour out of the gate to be sure. You a pretty chap to call yourself a champion, aren't you? Why, Peter Jackson kin do you. We Housatians are the staff. I'll bet a tinner tin kin stand yeh out four rounds.'

"To this Corbett retorted: 'Here, you little whippersnapper, go about your business, if you have any, or I'll take you across my knee and give you such a spanking as you haven't had since you broke away from your mammy's apron strings.' Griffo's response was a sharp blow aimed at Corbett's jaw. Jim stopped it with ease, and then with his open hand he slapped the Australian so severely on the cheek that he knocked him flat on the floor. This would probably have ended the affair had not some one suggested: 'Pick him up, Jim, and spank him; it'll do him good.'

"Corbett stooped down to follow the suggestion, but just as he was about to catch hold of Griffo, the latter picked him severely on the jaw with the best of his right shoe.

"To the dismay of his friends the champion reeled and fell. As his body struck the floor his head collided sharply against the leg of a chair.

"Brady and Billy Delaney hurriedly picked him up. He was semi-conscious and the back of his head was out and was bleeding freely. A messenger was sent for Dr. Bryant, who lives just around the corner, but he had hardly left the house when Corbett revived. Amid the excitement Griffo's friends got him into a hack at the door and he was rapidly driven down town.

"Corbett went into a drug store and had his wound dressed with an inch of court plaster. He then went home annoyed and chagrined beyond measure. If Griffo is wise he will make a prompt apology and keep out of Corbett's reach until it is accepted."

It is needless to say that the above story was a lie from beginning to end. Corbett was not in New York on the day the encounter is alleged to have taken place; and Griffo admits that he had not seen Corbett in many weeks, and also denies emphatically that he ever participated in a row such as is above described.

I don't know what shade of "hoy" Mr. "Jack Temple" indulges in, but if it aids him in seeing things, such as he so picturesquely describes above I want some, and want it damned quick, as the Texas said when he found use for his shootin' iron.

Not satisfied that there lacks patronage

enough for two professional boxing clubs in the vicinity of New York, and that the Atlantic Club at Coney Island was a failure from the time of its inception, some venturesome speculators have decided to tempt fate in a similar way, and have organized the Bay Ridge Athletic Club. No secret is made of the fact that the object and purpose of the organization is to give fistic contests similar to those now held at the Seaside Athletic Club. That the promoters of this scheme mean business is evidenced from the fact that no time was lost in filing a certificate of incorporation. A plot of ground has been leased by the officers of the new club at Bay Ridge. A frame building to cost \$7,000 will be erected. Within will be the regulation ring and posts. It is expected that the owners of adjacent property will enter a protest against the holding of prize fights at Owl's Head, which is the prettiest spot on the New Utrecht shore front. The club house will be in close proximity to the Bay Ridge Ferry and the terminus of the Brooklyn "L" road. It is not at all likely that the police will interfere with any of the contests, as they now permit a club at Fort Hamilton to hold exhibitions.

Springtime in Florida wouldn't be springtime at all, if our old friend Gov. Mitchell didn't pop up with his little sermon about the evils and abuses of pugilism. The coming of Gov. Mitchell and his anti-pugilistic twaddle are as inevitable as the orange crop; and while no great harm ever results from it, a lot of ill-feeling is engendered, and continuous agitation may eventually result in the curtailment of many privileges which the sportsively inclined people of the floral State now enjoy. It was only the other day that Gov. Mitchell addressed the following effusion to the Florida Legislature:

"During the last year a most disgraceful and brutal fight took place in the city of Jacksonville, and parties who resort to this occupation as a means of making a living without honest labor are boasting that there is no law in this State to prevent such disgraceful contests, and openly boast that another one will be 'pulled off' at Jacksonville next September. But, gentlemen, you have it in your power to prevent this by proper legislation.

"I recommend that these prize fights, or glove contests, be made felonies by statute, with such penalties attached as will cause these thugs to respect the law and to respect the law-abiding, God-fearing people of the State in the pursuit of all their rights as citizens.

"The law should authorize sheriffs and those acting in their aid and assistance, when they have cause to believe that a prize fight or glove contest is to take place, to enter any house or any inclosure wherein they may have reason to believe such contest is to take place, for the purpose of arresting those engaged or about to engage therein.

"Also, that all persons who may aid or abet such contests by betting thereon, or by being present thereat, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and, upon conviction, be punished the same as the principals."

That that so called brutal fight of last year was not prevented was no fault of the brave Governor's. He tried every available means to stop it, even going so far as to order the State militia to take possession of the peaceful city of Jacksonville; and that he did not declare martial law to be in force was only because wise counsel persuaded him not to take such an unprecedented step, especially when the Supreme Court of the State had decided that he had no authority to interfere. As I hinted in this column a few weeks ago, a measure to legalize glove contests in Florida will be introduced before the adjournment of the present Legislature, and Mitchell's message, above quoted, is the keynote of the opposition to its passage. The Governor's opposition may harass and annoy the people who favor the adoption of this measure, but the confidence of those who are keeping me posted upon the subject reassures me that the bill will eventually be passed, and if Corbett and Fitzsimmons meet at all, it will be in Florida's balmy clime.

Jack Everhardt, the New Orleans lightweight,

is anxious to try conclusions with any of his rivals in a long bout. He has been in the North for two months, he has met every one of the Philadelphia aspirants for lightweight fame, barring Leeds, and he has not suffered defeat in a single instance. He believes he has shown enough quality to warrant one of the big clubs here in giving him a chance in decisive bouts with Leeds, Kid Lavigne or Griffo. The Olympic Club of New Orleans has offered a \$2,800 purse for him to "go" Lavigne, but the latter says that isn't money enough and declines to negotiate. Everhardt and the Saginaw Kid would be a good drawing attraction for Coney Island.

So much talk has been occasioned by the in-

justice done Steve O'Donnell when he fought Jake Kilrain in Boston last month, that another match has been arranged, and the two will meet in a 20-round affair at Coney Island on May 6. Opinions have been so much at variance regarding their capabilities, that a long "go" is sure to be an attractive event to followers of ring happenings. In that Boston fight the big Australian should have been given the decision. It was not an endurance contest, in which a knock-out had to figure as a factor in winning or losing. It was a scientific bout, in which points were scored, and quality and cleverness counted for and against the rival antagonists. It is admitted that O'Donnell had his glove all over the Baltimore man, hitting him whenever and wherever he pleased, besting him at short range and long range, and doing, by long odds, the most effective work. That he did not get the decision was the greatest injustice ever done to a fair and square pugilist. It is pleasing to note that a man who possesses ability to judge of the merits of fighters, and the nerve to give a decision without fear or favor, will be the presiding factor at the next meeting of these two famous rivals.

The meeting between Kilrain and O'Donnell will necessitate a postponement of the fight between the latter and Peter Maher, which was scheduled for May 15. They will fight in June.

Now that the affair between Tommy Ryan and

Mysterious Billy Smith, which was "carded" for Coney Island on April 25, is off, the next event of importance to take place in this vicinity will probably be between Walcott and Young Griffo, if the representatives of these two men can come to an amicable arrangement. There is not the best of feeling between the two; in fact the Australian felt Mick Dunn's defeat very keenly, and in the dressing-room, after the fight at Coney Island last Wednesday, he and O'Rourke's protegee had a "chewing match," which resulted in both expressing a willingness to "go" each other for a limited number of rounds, or to a finish, with gloves or without. The bad feeling that exists between the two argues well for a desperate encounter should they ever meet. O'Rourke, who was anxious to have Harry Nickless come from England to fight Walcott in May, will probably prefer to have the latter meet Griffo at that time, if the latter will acquiesce. The latter has partly arranged to go West shortly, but the big money outcome of a match with Walcott will be incentive enough to change his plans.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF

THE GREAT METROPOLIS! "Glimpses of Gotham." New York by Daylight and after Dark. The spiciest book ever published. A complete and graphic pen picture of New York life. Fully illustrated. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

The latter, with O'Rourke and Dixon, have arranged to go over to England the latter part of May, although if it is with the expectation of inducing Dick Burge to fight Walcott in July, August or September, as O'Rourke proposes, they may as well remain at home. Burge, who is engaged in bookmaking on the English tracks during the season, has time and again reiterated in his correspondence with me his determination not to fight until November, when his racing interests will not interfere with his training. Besides, Matchmaker Fleming, of the National Sporting Club, declares there is no money in holding fights in England during the summer months, and has refused to offer a purse. These are the reasons why Parson Davies was unable to negotiate a match with Burge for Tommy Ryan. Davies, however, goes a step further than O'Rourke, and offers to have Ryan fight Burge at Coney Island in November for the \$5,000 purse which the Seaside Club has offered. The last proposition, I fancy, will suit Burge best. His eagerness on two previous occasions to come to America when matches were in sight, proves beyond question that he is not afraid but that he will be treated well.

SAM AUSTIN.

FISTIC POINTS.

Joe Ganz, the Baltimore featherweight, bested the Kentucky Rosebud in four rounds in Baltimore recently.

George Green, the protegee of champion Jim Corbett, and Billy Gallagher are matched to box in Los Angeles April 16, for a \$500 purse.

Billy Dacey, a "good thing"—nit—pugilist of former days, went to Syracuse to train Joe Dunfee, and as Joe did not need a trainer has begun giving boxing lessons in Dunfee's place every afternoon.

Robert Fitzsimmons' case will come before the Court of Sessions, at Syracuse, N. Y., April 18. Bob will be at Dunfee's and if any sparring exhibitions are arranged he will probably go on with Joe Dunfee.

Despite the opposition of some sports to Kid Lavigne, the Suffolk Club is trying to have him go to Boston and box a local man, a limited number of rounds. Lavigne will probably accept the offer of the Suffolk. Lavigne and Dime may meet in Cleveland, April 25, if Dime recovers from his sickness.

Jim Hall, who has been wintering in Detroit and picking up occasional matches before clubs, the most notable of which was the recent bout with Peter Maher, has issued a challenge to fight any 165 pound man for a reasonable stake. He would like particularly to put up some of his pin money on a limited round contest with Joe Cheyninski.

Jack Everhardt, the lightweight pugilist, has received through the POLICE GAZETTE an offer of a purse to box Young Griffo fifteen rounds in Chicago on April 6. He declined on the ground that he would not have sufficient time to get in condition. He will meet Griffo or any other lightweight in the world with three weeks' preparation.

An order has been issued by Judge Call, of Jacksonville, Fla., for the sale of the effects of John L. Sullivan, attached by Viola Armstrong, a member of Sullivan's company, for salary due. The property consists of two trunks filled with John L.'s clothing and other appurtenances. The sale will take place by Sheriff on the first Monday in May.

Frank Erbe, the Buffalo featherweight pugilist, and his manager, E. K. Franklin, arrived here from England last Tuesday, and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Willie Smith, the champion featherweight of England, refused to fight Erbe for the purse offered by the National Sporting Club. Erbe is now prepared to meet any featherweight in America.

Jimmy Barry suffered an injury to his back in his recent contest with Casper Leon, and he will be compelled to postpone his contemplated encounter with Jack Madden, set for April 15, before the Seaside A. C. Parson Davies has wired to Matchmaker Kennedy asking the latter to change the date six weeks later, so as to give Barry a chance to recover.

There is quite a rivalry between Joe McGrath, the Irish champion in the bantam class, and Pat Daly, of Brooklyn, who is now in London. McGrath says he is willing to take Daly on if the latter will come to weight. Daly declares that he whipped McGrath in this country at a Bowery theatre in two rounds, a statement that is vigorously denied by McGrath.

Owen Ziegler, the Philadelphia lightweight, on April 1 defeated Jerome Quigley, also of Philadelphia. The fight was awarded Ziegler on a foul in the fifth round, but he had his man whipped and could have put him out inside of the limit of eight rounds. Quigley evidently fouled Ziegler to avoid further punishment. Ziegler had the better of the fight from the start.

Biddy Bishop, of Houston, and E Woods, of Denver, fought seven bloody rounds at Riverside, Texas, on April 2, for \$500 a side. The fight had been scheduled to take place at Trinity, but was stopped by the sheriff. The men, accompanied by a referee and seconds, left the county and fought in private. Woods was knocked out in the seventh round after a rattling go.

Jimmy Handier, the Newark pugilist, denies that he was beaten by Leslie Pierce, of Baltimore. He says that he and Pierce were matched to fight 6 rounds, no decision to be rendered. In the fourth round the bout was stopped by the police. On the following Friday night they met again, under the auspices of the Kurka Athletic Club, Baltimore, and he beat Pierce in 5 rounds.

Charley Barnes, of Cincinnati, the partner of Griffo, fought Kid Hogan, of Pittsburgh, to a draw in 10 rounds before the Olympic Club, of Cincinnati, on April 2. Barnes was the aggressor from the first. It was most disastrous to him, however, as had the fight continued a round or two longer Hogan would have won handsomely. Both men were in excellent shape, fighting at catch weights, and were almost equally balanced as to weight.

James J. Corbett, talking at Pittsburgh, the other day, of the changes in the boxing rules, as proposed by the Olympic Club at New Orleans, declared himself opposed to making 4-minute rounds and 2-minute rests. "There is no necessity," said he, "for any changes, and none are likely to be made. The present rules were adopted by universal consent, and nothing short of that can change them. If the Olympic Club is allowed to make changes, every club in the country can do the same thing, and there would be no standard for boxing tournaments. I am opposed to the 2-minute rest because it would give a wounded man too much chance to recuperate."

The Suffolk club, of Boston, has arranged a strong bill for its meeting April 19. The club has signed Eddie Connelley, the St. John boxer, to meet Johnny Gorman, of New York. It also matched Joe Kimo, of Chelsea, who is the recognized champion bantam of New England, and Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, for the same meeting. This bout will be an interesting one. Those who saw the drawn battle between these lads at the Cribb club, Boston, several weeks ago will endorse that fact.

The conditions of the match between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and Ted Pritchard for the middleweight championship of England are given in the *Sporting Life* of March 23, as follows: "Pritchard and Craig have made another match to box for the middleweight championship. The articles signed stipulate that Ted Pritchard, of Lambeth, and Frank Craig (the Coffee Cooler), of Harlem, New York, box the best of twenty rounds, with four-ounce gloves, for £100 (open for £200) a side and best purse offered; each man to weigh in between 1 and 2 o'clock on the day, at 11 stone 4 pounds, at the *Sporting Life* office, either man overweight to forfeit all money down. The match to come off on Monday, April 15. Mr. George Vize to officiate as referee. Failing, the men mutually to agree to a referee. Mr. George W. Moore to be stakeholder. Twenty-five pounds a side is already posted; £50 a side to be posted on Monday, April 1, when the place of boxing must be named and the final of 25 a side before weighing. The men to be in the ring between 8 and 10 o'clock in the evening."

Daly is not at all pleased with the Jockey Club since discovering that the latter body has canceled all his stake nominations because of his presence on the forfeit list. Some time ago, when the club informed Father Bill he was on the list to the extent of \$230, he stated that the club was mistaken. He said that he did not owe them a dollar. The club then notified him that unless he paid up within a reasonable time all his nominations would be stricken from the list of stake engagements. The reasonable time passed, Bill's stake engagements were canceled, and now his colt, The Hartford, in the opinion of experts, one of the greatest two-year-olds seen in years, is not eligible to a single stake.

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Jantzen, of the Louisvilles, swings a fifty-ounce bat. The average bat weighs about thirty-six ounces.

The New England Baseball Association has voted to begin the season on May 1 and to end on Labor Day.

The Ontario Jockey Club, of Toronto, has decided not to accept entries of horses which have been running on outlawed tracks.

Charley Kelly is authority for the statement that the Philadelphia club will have a hand in the Temple cup series next fall.

The coming season will mark the decline of the Class B racing team. Even the largest manufacturers find them an expensive luxury.

Marcus Daly's Bathampton, a Brooklyn Handicap entry, has been disqualified by the Jockey Club, for having been raced on outlawed tracks.

The starting machine, which has undergone two trials at the St. Asaph track, is rather a failure, 2½ seconds being wasted in pulling the rope across the narrow track.

John L. Sullivan is among the visitors at Atlantic City. He is stopping at the Quaker City Hotel and recovering from a heavy cold and threatened attack of pneumonia.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals has reversed the cases of the Covington poolrooms of Sharp and Payne against the Commonwealth. The lower court fined each \$1,500.

The Board of Directors of the Falmec Driving Club has formally decided upon their running race meeting of six days in June, to begin June 3 and continue to June 8, both inclusive.

The growth of the sport of cycling will be demonstrated this season more than ever. The circuits will exist nearly twice as long as in '94, and the number of local meets will be unparalleled in history.

Cyclers all over the country are enthusiastic over the prospect of the League of American Wheelmen taking hold of professional racing. Two classes, amateur and professional, are enough for the maintenance of the sport.

Will Wallace's great 3-year-old colt, The Commoner, has a formation on his leg which is believed to be a splint by some, but his owner thinks he struck himself in his stall. Owing to this he will be thrown out of training for several weeks at least.

The Prospect Homing Club has arranged a 100-mile fly for May 4, from Bowie, Md. There will also be a 200-mile fly from Charlottesville, Va.; 300-mile fly from Chatham, Va.; 400-mile fly from Salisbury, N. C., and a 500-mile fly from Spartanburg, S. C.

Snip Donovan, the horse trainer, who was serving a ten years sentence in the State Prison at Trenton, N. J., for the alleged murder of John Chew, at Monmouth Park, in July, 1892, was pardoned by the State Board of Pardons. He formerly trained the great Tenny.

The convention held in New York of representative trap shooters resulted in the formation of an organization to be known as the American Trap Shooters' League. Its object is to fix dates and establish rules to govern all the events in this branch of sport held in the United States.

Harry Sondermyer, the pedestrian who started from the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 1 to walk to the capital of every State and country on the North American continent within three years, reports having arrived at Hartford, Conn., on April 4. He started at once for Providence, R. I., arriving there on April 7.

W. Heston, who was among the visitors at St. Asaph the other day, thinks that Dr. Rice will have an easy thing of it in the match race with Simmons, which will come off at Nashville, on April 12. He says that Dr. Rice worked seven furlongs, with 125 pounds up, in 1:20, while Simmons had to be whipped out to cover the distance in 1:28. Simmons carried 121 pounds.

The opening of the baseball season in New York city drew about 1,000 enthusiasts to the Polo Grounds. The weather was really too cool to sit in the open air for two hours watching a ball game, but your dyed-in-the-wool crank doesn't mind a little thing like that. Baseball is meat and drink to him and he must satisfy his hunger, no matter what the conditions may be.

Two bills introduced in the New Jersey Legislature have been for the protection of cyclists. One affixes the penalty of a month's imprisonment or a fine of \$100, or both, for throwing glass, broken china, etc., in the streets and roads to injure bicyclists. The other provides that railroads shall carry bicycles free, where the passenger in charge of the machine pays his fare.

Ascot was badly cut down just after winning the last race on Wednesday at St. Asaph. The hind tendon was cut and the gelding's usefulness brought to a sudden end. Wheeler was the animal responsible for the injury, but it was the fault of Keefe, Ascot's jockey, that caused the accident. He pulled up so suddenly after finishing that Wheeler could not help climbing on him.

Jack Langan, the ex-champion carman of England, who is now a resident of New York, gives it as his opinion that the recent scuffling race between Wag Harding, the English sculler, and Sullivan, the New Zealander, was a pre-arranged affair. Langan claims to know both men well, and says that Sullivan is the larger man of the two by fully 50 pounds, and is by far a faster and more skillful sculler than Harding.

Mrs. Decker, mother of Tag Decker, a jockey who was killed about four years ago at Morris Park, and who rode for Walcott & Campbell, was at the Washington track recently in search of a horse owner who left this track suddenly about ten days ago. After Decker was killed a subscription was raised for Mrs. Decker and a man collected \$800, but Mrs. Decker says she only received \$200 and has never been able to get the rest.

The long race meeting at San Francisco has made some people weary. The Call of March 21 remarks: "The game at the Bay District track seems to have degenerated into a sort of duel between the worthy gentlemen of the chalk and eraser, most of the heavy wagers being made between the bookmakers themselves. Very few of the horsemen have any money, and while the talent are not 'broke,' they are pretty badly bent. The horsemen lay their poverty to the entrance money fee that eats the purses up, and the talent claim that their lack of funds is due to the acrobatic performances of the bangtalls."

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THERE ARE YANKEE GOLFERS, TOO.

The college baseball teams that meet the New York League Club this spring will have an extra incentive to p

GAYEST OF THE GAY! "Paris by Gaslight." A graphic panorama of life in the merriest city on the face of the earth. By an old Bohemia Describing the Jardin Mabille, life behind the scenes, etc. Fully illustrated. Price by mail, 25 cents. **RICHARD FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

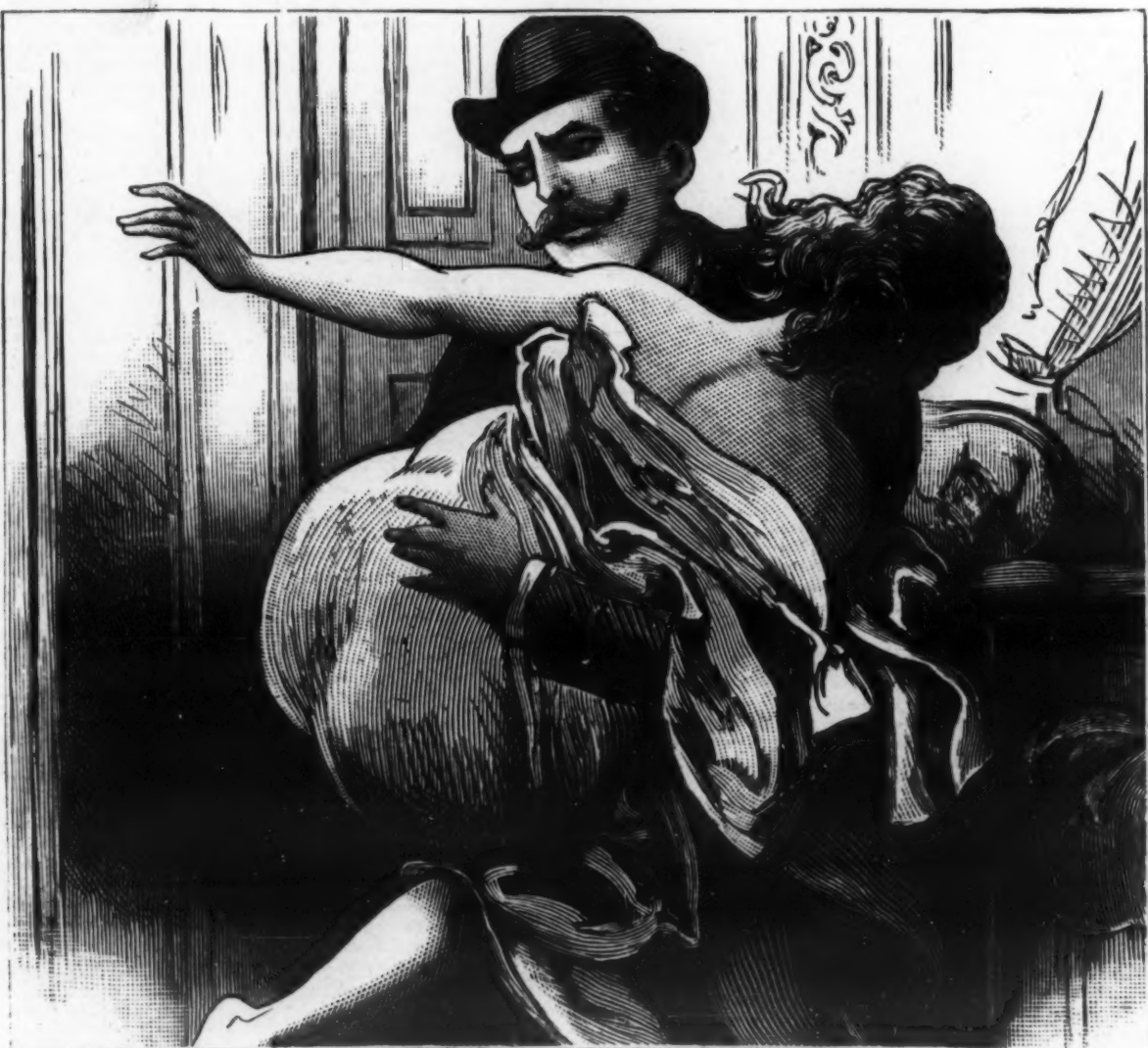
B's hand or must he fill C's hand first and then fill B's hand from the last cards?.....Help all players before using B's hand,

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BEATEN WITH A CANE.

AN INDIGNANT MOTHER CHARGES A WELL-KNOWN YOUNG MAN WITH INSULTING HER DAUGHTER AND ASSAULTS HIM IN THE DEPOT AT PALMYRA, N. Y.



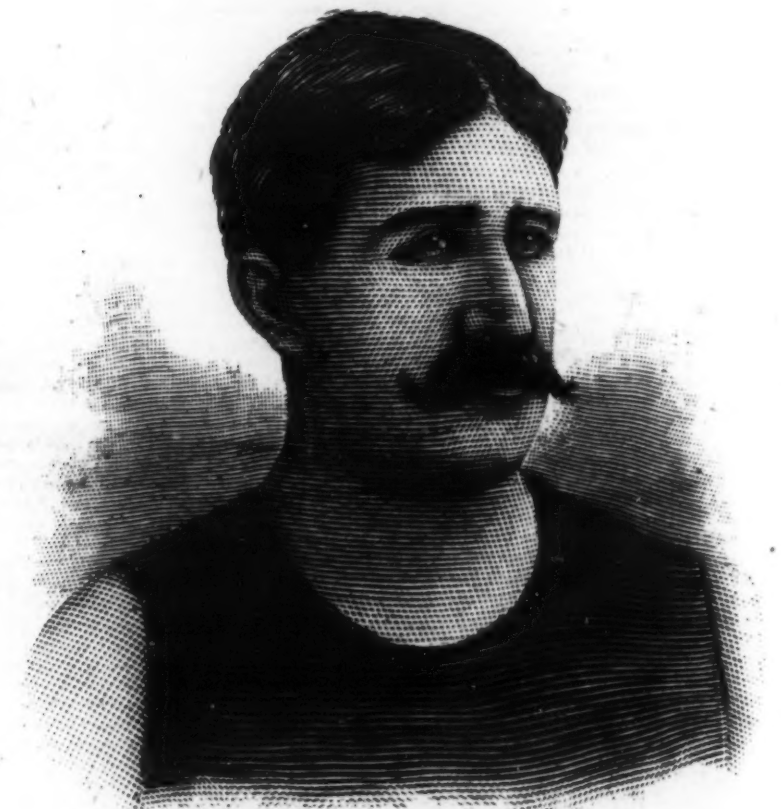
WRAPPED IN A BLANKET.

THE STRIKINGLY NOVEL WAY IN WHICH A DISOBEDIENT GIRL WAS CARRIED TO HER FATHER BY AN INGENIOUS DEPUTY SHERIFF, AT KNIGHTSTOWN, IND.



A. G. BATCHELDER.

A PROMINENT CYCLER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED THE OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER OF THE L. A. W.



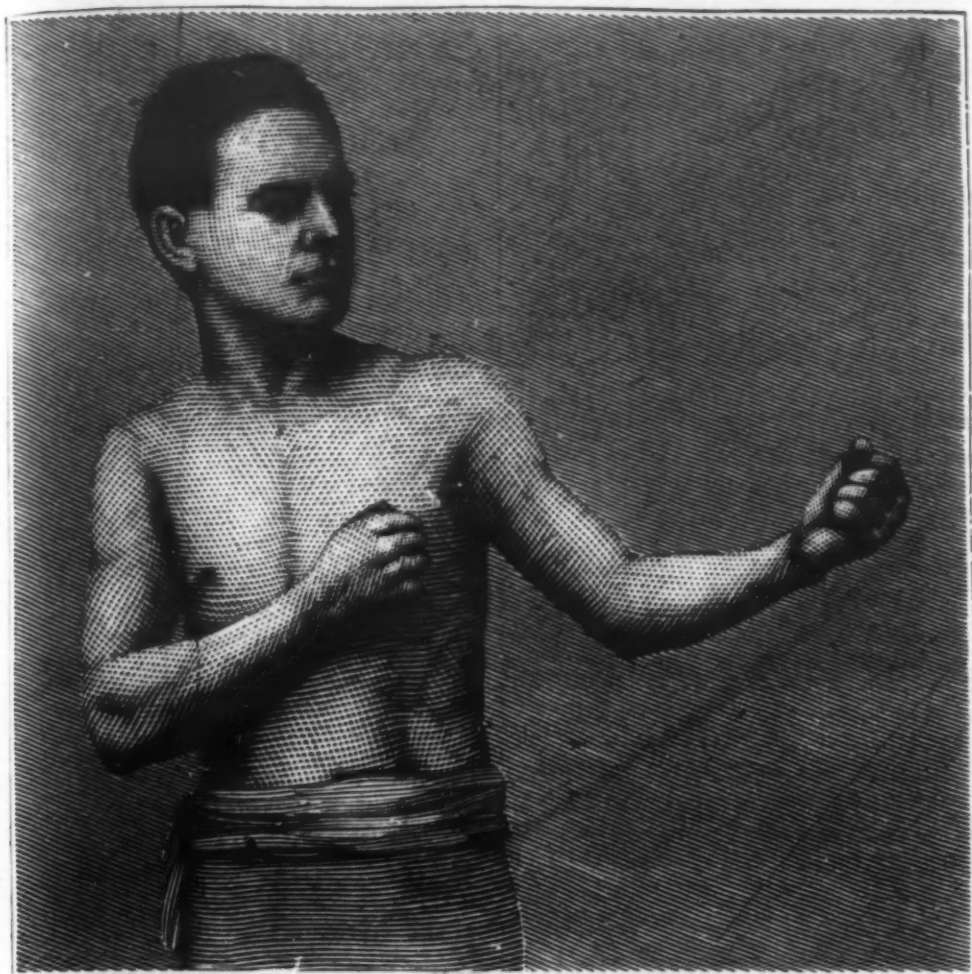
JAMES CROWLEY.

A CHAMPION SWIMMER AND DISTINGUISHED LIFE SAVER, WHO IS WILLING TO MEET ALL COMERS.



CHARLES A. JARNAGIN.

A PROMINENT SPORTING LIGHT OF KNOXVILLE, TENN., WHO IS CONSIDERED AS AN AUTHORITY.



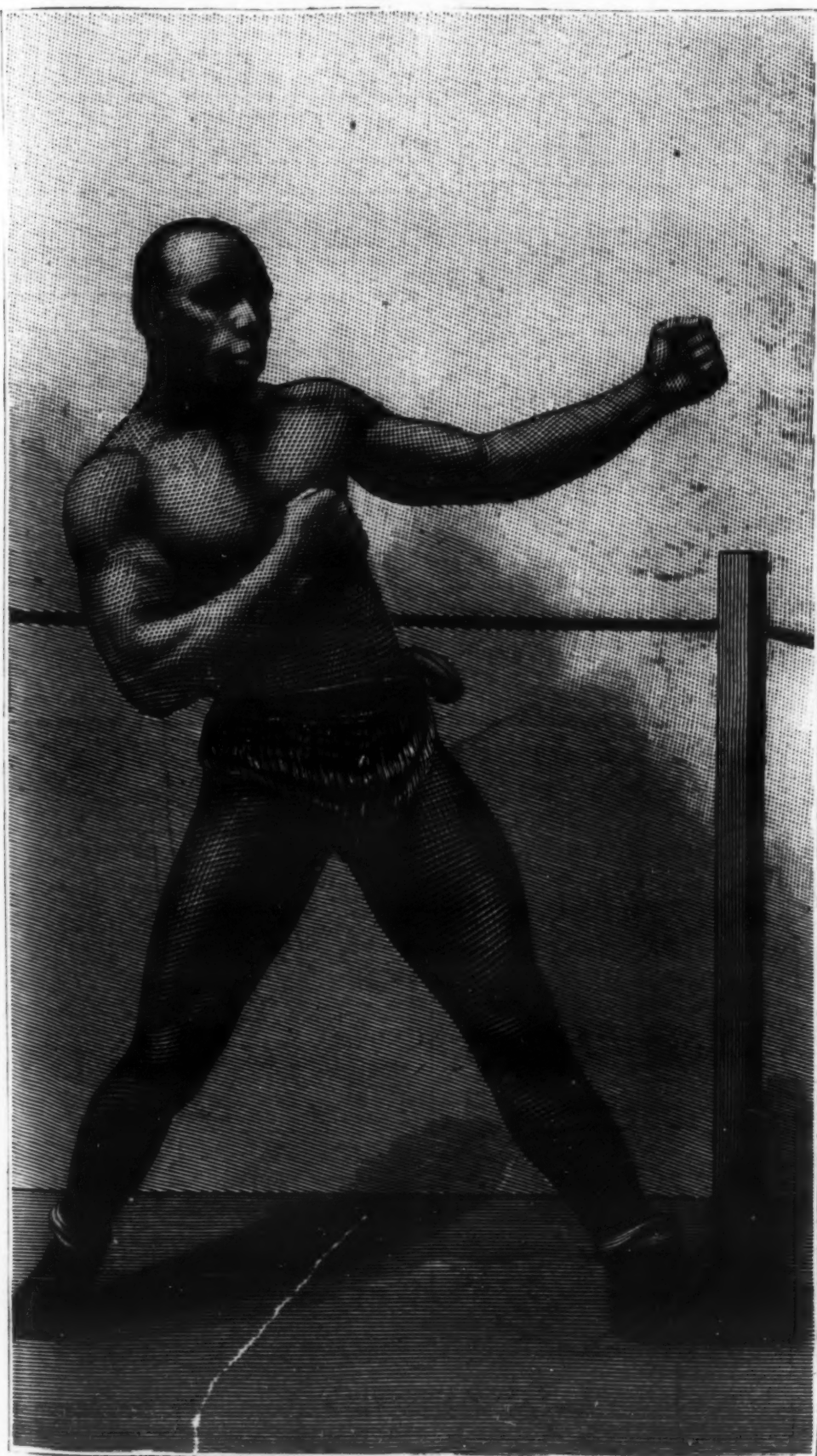
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A CLEVER AND HARD-HITTING LAD OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., WHO HAS AN UNUSUALLY LONG LIST OF VICTORIES TO HIS CREDIT.



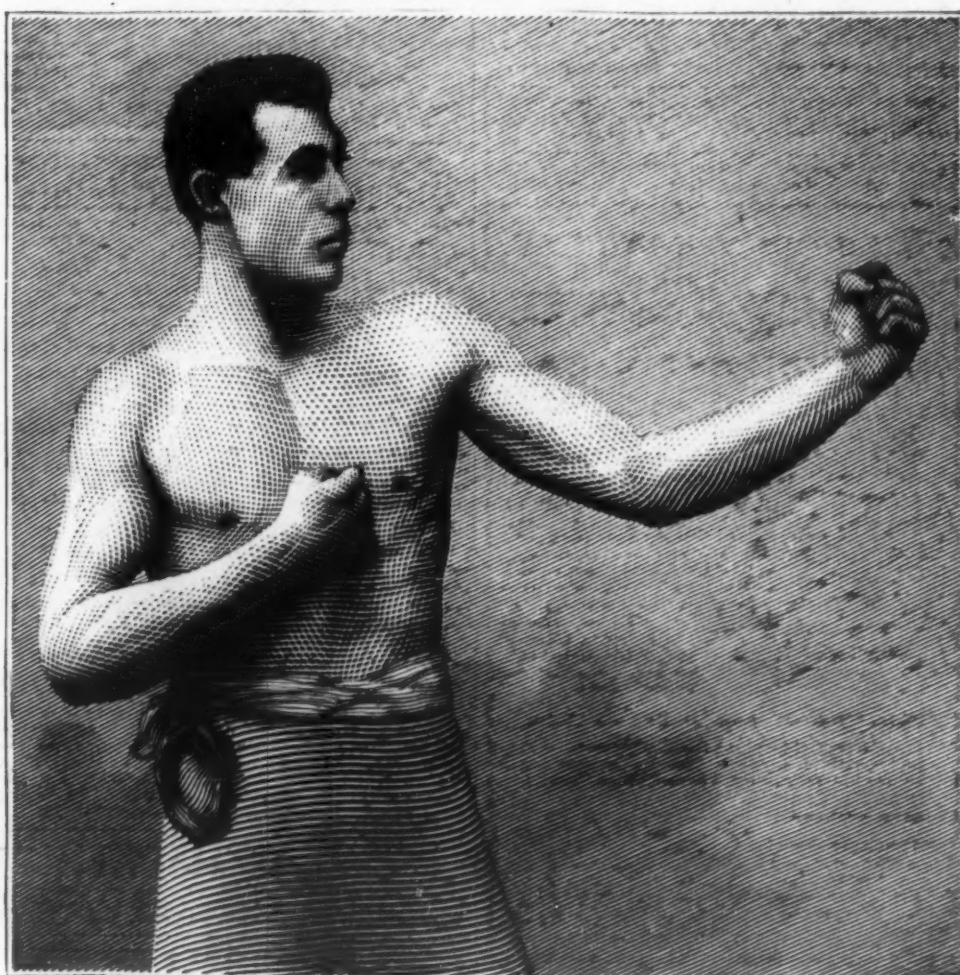
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Doctors Recommend Us.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 4, 1894. Send me prices, etc., by return mail, of your Magic Remedy for blood poison. State lowest figures, also terms, as I wish to use remedy in my regular practice. I am, yours respectfully, M. D.

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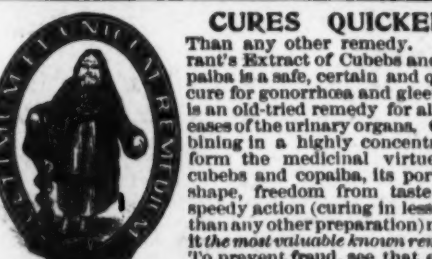
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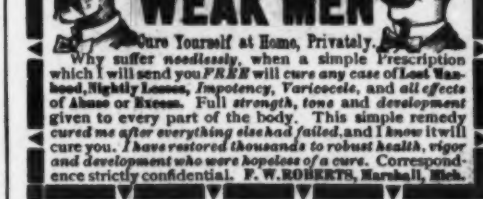


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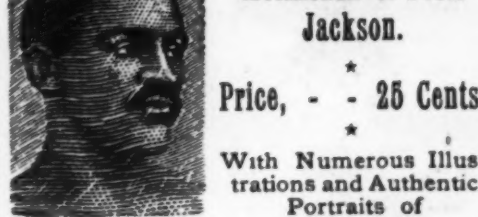
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